Sunday School ADVOCATE

J. D. FELTER - ENG.

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Old Juba.

[SEE "THE LABORER'S HYMN" ON NEXT PAGE.]

IT is just twenty years ago that one evening, after having been carried across the river, in the arms of a good black woman, to an estate called the "Lower Adelphi," in the lovely Island of St. Vincent, for the purpose of holding a service for the sick and aged who were not able to walk to the mission chapel, I visited dear old African Juba, a saint of the King of kings, for she had "washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The curtain of night had fallen upon the earth when my pioneer and I reached Juba's hut, the door of which she never troubled to shut, so that we entered without ceremony. Juba had gone to her poor but clean bed of corn trash.

"Who dat come dere? Tak ca'! you oberturn me lillie bowlé a water, and den me no get lillie drop a hot water in a mornin'."

"Do not fear, Juba, we will not overturn your bowlé."

"Eh, eh, who dat?" exclaimed Juba.

My guide replied. "Pason's lady come for see you, Juba."

"Eh, me misseé! me beg your pardon; me ben tink it ben one a dem picn'y dat ought to ben a bed; and me find it so hard to get a lillie water, misseé.

"But, Juba, why are you all in the dark?"

"Misseé, me no got no tampé [a penny] for buy candle. But, misseé, me no in de dark; me always got de light me blessed Fadder gie me. Sometime he gie me big moon; plenty light den, and old Juba lift up she poor old heart and tank him. Sometime he only gie me lillie stars, but dem shine all trou de night, and me look out 'pon 'em, and me lift up me heart, and me say, 'Me tank dee, Fadder, for big moon, and me tank dee for lillie star, for dy macy endure for eber.'"

"And do you never feel lonely, Juba?"

"No, misseé me neber lonely. In a day-time me sit 'pon lillie bench a door, and me talk sometimes to friend, who talk good talk to Juba, and in night time me blessed Massa Jesus he come; he talk to Juba all dem sweet words out of his blessed book."

Juba did not mean that she really saw Jesus: she was not one of those silly people who believe in visions and apparitions. She meant to say that Jesus manifested himself to her in his spiritual presence, and brought his precious promises to her remembrance.

"Can you read, Juba?" I asked.

"No, misseé, me ben lib all in slabery time, and white massa no let slabe larn for read. Ah, misseé, de young people no know dem privilege, now dem get free! Me ben see plenty hard time, misseé, but when we ben hear missioner preach, and tell all dem good ting out of big book, me get free, misseé—free long time before de queen ob England, God bless 'em, gie we free."

"What a blessed thing, Juba, to have the

knowledge of freedom through Jesus Christ. It is the blessed Gospel that makes us free, both you and me, Juba, from sin and Satan's power."

"Yes, misseé, me believe ebery word Massa Missioner preach, and now me no able to go to a chapel, yet me 'member all de sweet word me hear eber so long ago; dem all in old Juba's heart, misseé."

I prayed with Juba, and left her to enjoy her sweet communion with her loving Father, and with her precious Saviour through the Holy Ghost given unto her, and envied her child-like faith and trust. Such was African Juba, an heir of glory now in the upper temple where it is always light. —*Juvenile Offering.*

The Laborer's Hymn.

[SEE PICTURE ON THE FIRST PAGE.]

At close of day, when labor's done,
And all around is still,
When homeward wends each weary one
That works the plow or mill,
I'll bend my knee in gratitude
To thee, my dearest Lord;
Alone, in silent solitude,
I'll ponder on thy word.

Thy truths upon my heart I'll stamp,
My comfort they shall be;
The Gospel, that unerring lamp,
Shall guide my soul to thee.
Let saints and angels bless thy name,
Thou source of every good;
Let thrones and choirs proclaim the same,
By Christians understood.

O loving Jesus, kind and good!
Of whom I've so much need,
Who for poor sinners shedd'st thy blood,
For me now intercede!
Praise unto the great Father be,
With Christ, thy only Son,
And Holy Ghost, eternally,
O blessed Three in One!

A Sparrow Talk.

BY AUNT MIRIAM.

Not long ago I read a little editorial in the Sunday-School Advocate about sparrows, and I wondered how many of the boy and girl readers would know the sparrows if they saw them. Did any older person ever watch the birds with you, and teach you how to observe their queer little ways? I am sure you would like to know of them. The birds that came daily for the crumbs about the editor's door were all of one kind, and there are ever so many kinds of sparrows. They all belong to the great bird-family named Finch, and the Finches have more than eighty different sorts of children. They are alike in some things, such as the general shape of the bill, the lengthened and pointed wings, and the long and slender toes to their sharp claws. They are alike in living in flocks, and several kinds often live in the same flock. They all eat seeds of different plants and trees in winter, and worms and grain in summer. But they are very unlike in beauty and color. Some are dull and gray, others brilliant and beautiful. Some live in hot climates, and some, like the snow-bird, live where it is very cold. Some go flying southward in the winter, and return north to lay their eggs and rear their young; while still others, like the song-sparrow, make their nests in the south. This sweet singer raises sometimes three broods of little birds, and, like a dear mother who wants a new cradle for each child, she makes a new nest for each. It is not so beautiful as some of the sparrows, for its coat is brown, with gray trimmings, and its tail cut off; but it sings more sweetly than the others, and sings even all day, while many will sing in the morning only. It is not a fussy little bird that can only make a nest in one place, but it will build a pretty home, either on the ground or in the bushes, and fill it with eggs of a light-greenish white, with spots of dark brown. It eats berries, and seeds, and insects, and is very active and happy, though not so familiar as the editor's sparrows. It will come to the gardens and orchards, but it will not feel enough at home to like to see the hand that feeds it. The editor's may have been what is called the chipping sparrow, or chip-bird. If we could catch one we should find his gray breast striped with brown and black, his bill black, his wings slightly streaked with white, and a white line above the eyes; yet, as he flies, he seems to be a little gray bird altogether. It is found every-where except in the woods. Its note is only a repetition of a loud chirp; it never makes a ground nest, but it is such a social little creature that it comes on to our door-step for food, and it will join flocks of other kinds of birds in flying from place to place. This bird often goes south in the winter, when we see about our homes another sparrow with a nice little white cap on its head. The "chipping" sparrow's cap is always brown. This last has a yellow bill, and white bands on its grayish-brown wings. This bird loves the north, though it is found all over the country; and in its long journeys it flies only in the day-time, while some birds go straight on through the night. It goes away up to Labrador sometimes to raise its young. It sings sweetly, and makes its nest in the mosses on the ground. We have also, even in our cities, a sort of house sparrow which has been brought over from Europe, because it is so useful in destroying insects and worms. One pair of them, when they have a nest of young birds to feed, will destroy four thousand caterpillars in a week. Are they not little workers? But unfortunately, though they feed their young on caterpillars, they are very fond of the grain fields, and need to be closely watched. They were first brought to this country about fifteen years ago, and it is a little curious that, wherever they go, they drive the other birds away. One characteristic of almost all sparrows is, that the male bird likes to quarrel and fight.

There is one of them so beautiful in color that it is called the "painted" bird. It wears a hat and collar of blue, a coat of yellowish green, a cloak of vivid carmine, while its tail is covered with a purple train. This bird lives at the south, and makes its nest in the orange-trees; but it loves so to quarrel that the people take advantage of this dispostion, to capture it. They put a stuffed bird in a trap, and the other birds begin to fight this as soon as they see it, and, before they know it, they are caught and held fast.

The sparrows of which Jesus said, "Not one falleth to the ground without my Father," were of a very troublesome and quarrelsome sort. They were little birds not much bigger than wrens, and lived in such great flocks, clinging to the eaves of the dwellings and flying about the house-tops, that the people hardly noticed them at all, any more than we do the flies in the country in the summer. And they kept up such a twittering and fighting that it was true that they often harmed each other, and half a dozen would be pushed from the house-top where they clung, or fall from the air, without any body's noticing or caring. So you see it was a very insignificant, unlovely little bird, not worth men's caring about at all. Yet never one of them was thrown down with a wounded wing, or an eye picked out by some naughty brother sparrow, that the great and good God did not see it and care for the pain, though the silly little things had brought it upon themselves. Jesus knew how worthless the sparrows were when he said, "Yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." Will he not take care of us too, for "are we not of more value than many sparrows?" God chooses the little birds, and the flowers, and the little things, to teach us the sweet lessons of his love and care. And the more we know about the creatures he has made the more we shall love him, and realize how tender his loving watch is over "all his works."

Rat Existence on Board Ship.

Only let rats once find their way into a ship, and they will remain there so long as the cargo is on board, if they can but secure water. Extraordinary are the expedients to which they will resort to obtain this essential of life. They will proceed to the deck on a rainy night to drink, and will climb the rigging to sip the moisture from the folds of the sails. In extremity they will attack the spirit-casks, and, like intemperate bipeds, will, in consequence, find no little difficulty in reaching home. All the race have a quick ear for running liquids, and they constantly eat into leaden pipes in the efforts to slake their thirst. With keen instinct they desert a ship directly she gains the shore: if possible, dry-footed—generally passing in Indian file along the mooring-rope; but, in the event of such means failing, swimming across. As their mode of entrance is often like that of exit, it is usual for sailors, on coming into port, to fill up the hawser-holes, or else to run the mooring-cable through a broom, the twigs of which effectually prevent their ingress.—*Cassell's Natural History.*

Willie's Grave.

It was a lovely spot that village grave-yard. And that little girl—how her image comes up before me, bending over her brother's grave. I marked her when we entered, and was unconsciously drawn toward the spot where she was kneeling. I approached softly; there was something sacred to me in the sight of a child weeping by a new-made grave. I know not how long I might have stood, apparently reading the rude grave-stones, had not the child raised her eyes, and, after a pause, said,—

"Our little Willie sleeps here. We're too poor to get a tombstone. *We* and the angels know where he lies, and mother says that's enough."

"Are you not afraid to be here alone?" I asked.

"O no! Mother is sick and couldn't come, so she said I must come and see if the violets were in bloom yet."

"How old was your brother?" I asked, feeling interested in the little girl.

"He was only seven years old, and was so good, and had such beautiful eyes! but he couldn't see a bit."

"Indeed! Was he blind?"

"You see he was sick a long time, yet his eyes were blue and bright, like blue skies with stars in 'em, and we did not know he was getting blind, till one day I brought him a pretty rose, and he asked, 'Is it a white rose, Dora?' 'Can't you see it, darling?' asked mother. 'No, I can't see any thing. I wish you would open the window, it is so dark.' Then we knew that poor little Willie was blind. But he lived a long time after that, and used to put his dear little hand to our faces to feel if we were crying, and tell us not to cry, for he could see Jesus and heaven and the angels. 'Then never mind, mother and Dora,' he'd say, 'I'll see you, too, when you go away from this dark place.' So one day he closed his eyes and fell asleep, and mother said he was asleep in Jesus. Then we brought him here, and buried him, and though we're too poor to get a tombstone, yet we can plant flowers on his little grave, and nobody will trouble them, *I know*, when they learn that *our little Willie sleeps here.*"—[*London*] *Children's Paper.*

Sunday-School Advocate.

JUNE 23, 1877.

J. H. VINCENT, Editor.

J. M. FREEMAN, Assistant Editor.

The Great Missionary.

WITH the first Sunday in July we shall begin a new course of lessons. Leaving, for a time, the Old Testament history, we shall come to that of the New. Our young readers are, all of them, we are sure, interested in missionary work. It will, therefore, be a pleasure for them to learn something of one of the greatest missionaries the world ever saw.

We had some account of Saul of Tarsus in the lessons for the last quarter of last year. It will be well for you before studying the lessons for July to read the ninth chapter of Acts, which gives an account of Saul's conversion. He had been one of the principal young men among the Jews of his time. He had a fine education, and was very zealous for every thing that belonged to the Jewish religion. He had a great contempt for the name of Jesus, and bitterly persecuted all the Nazarenes, as the disciples of Jesus were then called. He was present at the martyrdom of Stephen, and assisted in that wicked deed. In all these he was honest, though wrong; for a man may be wrong and yet honest, though his honesty will not excuse the wrong.

After his wonderful conversion Saul preached for awhile in Damascus, very much to the astonishment of every body, and then went to some lonely place in Arabia. After a time he returned to Damascus, where he remained until three years after his conversion, when he left secretly by night, because there was a plot laid to take his life. He went to Jerusalem, where the disciples were at first afraid to receive him, but they soon found out that he was a converted man. Their joy must have been great when they saw the man who had once persecuted them changed into one of their best friends.

He soon became as great a leader among the followers of Jesus as he had been among the Jews. He was chosen with Barnabas to make a missionary journey, of which you will soon learn in the lessons. It was full of most romantic adventures, by sea and by land. We should like all our readers to give careful attention to these beautiful lessons, which they will find of great interest and, we hope, of profit also.

Colored Eggs.

WHETHER for Easter, or for ornamental purposes at other times, it is a nice thing for young people to know how to color eggs. Here is a good recipe which our little readers may cut out, or mark to keep and try.

To color eggs a fine, bright red, get five cents' worth of cochineal from the druggist. Into boiling water put a part of it dissolved in a little water. Put in all the eggs you wish to color red, boil a few moments, remove part of the eggs, then add half of the remaining cochineal; boil a few minutes longer, then remove more of the eggs, throw in the rest of the coloring; boil and you have the rest of the eggs a deep shade of red. You have three shades of red, and can have more by adding the coloring gradually. Several shades of yellow can be made by using a little gamboge, to be had also of the druggist. Coffee will make the eggs a beautiful brown. Onion skins will make still another color; and bright-colored cotton prints, tied around the eggs before boiling, will mark them very prettily. The water should boil very hard to extract the color from the cloth. After the eggs are boiled in some bright color they may be ornamented in a great variety of ways by using a sharp penknife and etching monograms, landscapes, faces or flowers, birds or insects, upon them. These make very unique and attractive little tokens of remembrance for friends—especially as they are supposed to be very hard boiled and will never decompose.

Catching Fish.

BY LESTER KEITH.

THERE is one virtue a fisherman has to practice, and that is patience. To sit for hours and hours, day after day, in the same place would be tiresome work for some people, while for others there is no better sport than is found with fishing-rod and tackle.

Many repair to the stream and forest for refuge and rest from excitement, finding the most delightful balm and solace amid the regions of quiet and changeless beauty.

Give a certain kind of a boy a fishing rod and basket and he will be perfectly happy, and, if he has good luck, the passion will grow upon him, and he may come to be known as a famous angler. He will study all about fish, busy himself in the manufacture of flies, and have his room fairly bristling with hooks and rods and every new invention of reel.

The sports of the boy are ever a bright spot in the memory of the man, who is always glad of an opportunity of throwing the line in some cool shady spot that, if not the same, will remind him of the haunts of his childhood. The taste for fishing is not inconsistent with religion, genius, industry, or usefulness to mankind, and when indulged in moderately is conducive to a long life.

A distinguished clergyman, now dead, was exceedingly fond of this sort of recreation, and as successful in catching fish as he was in saving the souls of men. The following anecdote will give the reader some idea of the character of the man, whom none knew but to love. His magnetic influence was really something wonderful, and may not have been without its effect upon the finny tribe.

"On one of his trips, while whipping a fine mountain stream in the wilds of Pennsylvania, he, with a companion, had stopped at noon to lunch, and, while doing so, the doctor discovered ahead a deep pool overshadowed with lofty trees, and almost shut out from the sun-light; clear, quiet, and unvisited, the very spot to make glad the heart of an angler. He was a light eater, and leaving his friend to discuss the lunch at his leisure, the doctor, with wary and cautious steps, made his way through the thick underbrush which bordered the stream, until, to his joy, he discovered a fallen tree, one end buried in the soft earth and the other elevated quite high directly above the quiet pool. To 'take to the tree,' and quietly work his way along to the elevated extremity was but the work of a few moments for the portly and now somewhat excited sportsman.

"The tree on which the doctor stood, although large, and covered with bark and moss, having long been prostrate in its oozy bed, was rotten to its very core, and just as he straightened himself for his 'beautiful cast,' it broke square off behind him, and doctor, broadcloth, and fishing-tackle fell ten feet into the pool, up to the neck in the 'still water,' now foaming with the weight of clerical humanity. The crash of the log, and the souse of the doctor, brought the startled friend to his assistance, with the exclamation, 'Are you hurt?' 'No,' replied the immersed doctor, coolly shaking the water from his dripping locks, 'but I've frightened every fish out of *this* creek!'"

Our Curiosity Box.

A GREEDY TREE.

YOU will think it was greedy when I tell you that it swallowed another tree that grew by its side, and that a stout oak-tree, too! It was a madrona that did it. The two started to grow together. There were air and food and sunshine enough for both, but the madrona was selfish, and wanted all the good things itself; so it just reached out and began to swallow the oak, and the poor oak could do nothing but stand still and be swallowed! You may wonder how it was done, and I don't know that there is any way of finding out. They do say that the dead body of the oak is inside the madrona, and may be seen there any day, though it will soon disappear entirely, for the madrona is hard at work sending out wrappers of bark to cover the trunk and branches. The work is not quite finished yet. The trunk is nearly covered, but the ends of the dead branches of the oak are to be seen, uttering their silent protest against the dreadful appetite of the robber-tree. This is a very strange story, and we could scarcely believe it but for the fact that the scene is laid in California, which, as you know, is the land of big trees, and there is no telling what the desire to become a big tree may lead one to do!

A LANGUAGE WITHOUT WORDS.

I could not understand exactly what the ants said about it, but I could see what they did, and actions sometimes speak as loudly as words. How could I see when they are such tiny creatures and my eyes are so poor? Well, I am willing to own that I sometimes carry a glass, for I like to know what is going on in the world.

I was going over the hill to find wild flowers in the woods beyond, and I stopped to rest a little. At first I thought I was all alone, but I soon found out my mistake. All sorts of busy little creatures were out looking after their family affairs, I suppose, and every one seemed to be in a great hurry. All at once I saw a strange sight. A Daddy-longlegs suddenly found himself tangled up among some dead weeds that lay on the ground. It may be very nice to have a great many legs, but they must be dreadfully in the way sometimes! He was wriggling and twisting and trying to get away, when three ants came hurrying along. Two of them instantly seized the poor prisoner, and helped to hold him fast, while the other went away as fast as he could to call help. In less than a minute he met another ant. The two stopped long enough to cross some delicate little feelers called *antennæ*, and then the first one went on, and his friend went straight to the Daddy and took hold of him. No doubt he had been told what to do. In less than two minutes a dozen more ants were there, and Mr. Longlegs was carried off in triumph. Of course the ant that went out to call help told every one he met, and probably he said the same thing to every one; that is, he just touched his friend's *antenna*, and that meant, "Come and help."

WATCH and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

[Answers to questions in the BAY WINDOW, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to MISS MARTHA VAN MARTER, Box 121, Station D, New York.]

WE shall *have* to think that our boys and girls find the Bay Window a pleasant place—so many write of their interest and delight in our special corner. These words of cheer are very welcome; we want you to feel just that *at home* feeling here which many of you write about, and we should love to print all the dear, kind letters you send us. That is not possible, however; so we shall have to print only those of special interest, for we want our corner to interest, not the one, but the many.

A friend in Philadelphia, who says, "I am not a very little boy," sends this item to the readers of the Bay Window.

"The following is printed underneath the commandments in an old church in England:—

'p r s v r y p r f c t m n
v r k p t h s p r c p t s t n.'

A young minister who saw this set himself to the task of solving the puzzle. But one letter was needed to make a complete couplet, which then read,

'Persevere ye perfect men,
Ever keep these precepts ten.'"

It is said that this puzzle remained a mystery for many years, but that was long ago, and the boys and girls of that day were not as ready to untie hard knots as some we know of. Our own box has held riddles quite as difficult as this, and of the same nature, which were readily solved. But, who knows? May be the young people of that day did not let their minds wander during church! Don't let us accuse them of slowness, when the fact that this remained a mystery for many years may have been owing to their superior piety!

Wouldn't it be interesting to know the thoughts that fill the minds of the little people during sermon-time, when the minister is preaching one of those great, grown-up sermons which half of the big people can't understand? It must be hard to sit and listen, when you are constantly getting thrown off the track by some big engine of a word! Why can't the minister use plain words, and talk so simply that the little ones can understand? Then the grown people would be pretty sure to, and every body would be satisfied.

One of our girls, Lula Goodell, tells us of some Sunday work she is going to undertake with a little friend. They are going to learn a psalm every Sunday, until they have learned them all. That is something to attempt, and we honor the little girls who set to work in earnest to accomplish it. Of course they can do it, though it may take quite a long time, for some of the psalms are long, and there are a hundred and fifty in all. But O! how it will pay to have all those glowing, blessed words stored up in the mind!

A long list of names for the L. L. came to us not long since from Provo City, Utah. The teacher who sends them writes:—

"I thought it might be well to let the boys and girls of the L. L. know that there are earnest workers and lovers of the Sunday-school out here in the Rocky Mountains. We have several flourishing Sunday-schools in the Territory; indeed, wherever there is a church and preaching there is a Sunday-school. Large numbers of the Advocate, Classmate, Journal, Lesson Leaves, and Picture Lesson Paper are taken. In Provo, where I live, we have a school numbering about seventy-five, which is regularly attended all the year round."

We are very glad to hear from the Rocky Mountains, and to know that our ADVOCATE family is flourishing there. We shall hope to hear from some of our boys and girls one of these days.

This is the way a member of the L. L. writes about her sisters. Read it and see how beautiful it is!

"I have twin sisters, Mary and Annie. Mary lives in heaven, and Annie lives with us in our pleasant home on earth. Mary died the 16th of April, 1876. We miss her, but we know she is happy with the angels, and we shall meet her by and by. ROSE ELLA KEESEY."

Rose has learned something that is very sweet and precious to know: *the two worlds are one.* Mary *lives*, though she has passed from earthly vision. Hold fast to that faith, dear little Rose. It will make you brave and strong to meet the losses that may come to you, if you feel and know that your dear friends who have gone out of this world, are just a little way ahead.

It is not often a little five-year-old writes to the Bay Window. Here is a true copy of a letter:—

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a little girl five years old. I have got a kitty that I can dress all up; his name is Jimmy. I cannot write, so I have to get somebody to write for me. I have got a little colt named Jacky. I have got three dollies; their names are Alice May and Minnie and Jennie. I cannot think of any thing more. Good-bye. Please print this in your little ADVOCATE. From your little friend, AUGUSTA M. HOLMER."

Isn't that a nice little letter? But we want to ask our older boys and girls to find the word, repeated three times, which may be dropped, and yet the letter will mean exactly the same thing.

PUZZLE BOX.

SOME DIAMOND PUZZLES.

No. 1.

1. A consonant. 2. What I am. 3. What every one may win. 4. A negation. 5. A consonant.

J. M. OAKWOOD.

No. 2.

1. A consonant. 2. An animal. 3. A bird. 4. A liquor. 5. A consonant.

M. G.

No. 3.

1. A consonant. 2. Used by fishermen. 3. An apostle. 4. A numeral. 5. A consonant.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in run, but not in walk,
My second is in read, but not in talk;
My third is in warble, but not in song,
My fourth is in short, but not in long;
My fifth is in ostrich, but not in bird,
My sixth is in hearken, but not in heard.
My whole is the name of a great astronomer.

BESSIE H. WELBER.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of seventeen letters. My 6 17 5 10 is not cold. My 9 2 3 was a kind but weak father mentioned in the Bible. My 4 17 12 7 is a joke. My 14 11 16 9 is a small piece. My 8 5 16 is an article of clothing. My 14 15 2 2 is a noun. My 12 13 9 17 7 is an article of bed-clothing. My whole is a noted Bible character.

FRED. H.

HIDDEN NAMES.

1. How ill James is. 2. Did he mar your chair? 3. He had a hickory cane. 4. Did he lend you his book? 5. That tie is very becoming! 6. The old bird left her nest.

F. D.

ANAGRAM.

A tfual ni rhoste emn liwl eblam,
Wenh htey veha efotn onde het msea.

FRANK DUDLEY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN ADVOCATE OF APRIL 28

Enigma: Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? Cross-word Enigma: Chinchilla. Diamond Puzzle: 1. H; 2. New, Henry, Wry, Y. Metagram: Sward. Riddle: A spool of thread. Figure Puzzle: Expectation.

Answers to puzzles have been received from George H. Pitman, B. Bainbridge, Clara B. Macomber, Ida M. Davis, Mary Shankey, R. S. Sedgwick, F. M. Tichenor, M. A. Patterson, Allie H. Alberger, Theo. Hansens, Lou Read, Henrietta Wing, Irene Davenport, Lizzie Goldrich.

A Bird's Thanks.

"A VALUED friend of *The New York Observer* writes, 'It is now eighty years ago since an aunt of mine, (I am now in my ninety-first year,) when on a visit to her brother, (my father,) told us that her cat brought into the house a live chipping-bird in her mouth. She caught the cat, took the bird out of her mouth, walked out of doors, and opened her hand The little bird flew, but returned, settled on her shoulder, and sang, "Chipper, chipper, chipper!" thus returning thanks for its deliverance from death by the cruel cat; *then* it flew away, and returned no more.'"

The Waterfall.

How would you like to stand beside that man on the big rock? Would it make you dizzy to watch the water as it thunders down the great fall, and foams and rushes among the hard rocks below? One would have a rough bit of walking and tiresome climbing to do before he could perch quietly on that great rock and enjoy the grand view. The man there does not seem to be fishing, but feasting his eyes on the rugged beauty of rock, and precipice, and waterfall, and lofty pines. Perhaps he is an artist, and wants to make a picture of the place.

God has made the world full of grand and beautiful things. There are level green meadows sprinkled with golden dandelions, and there are high hills, mossy old rocks, and restless, roaring waterfalls. We ought to learn to look at such things with attentive eyes, and hearts full of praise to Him who made the earth and all that is in it.

The Test of Love.

How often, when our heart is melted, our spirit tender, we are led to say, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!" What is his answer? "Go and show it." The test of our love is obedience. This is the touch-stone: it sweeps away a whole mass of natural feeling, and shows what is gold and what is brass.

THREE things should be thought of by the Christian every morning: his daily cross, daily duty, and daily privilege; how he shall bear the one, perform the other, and enjoy the third.

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